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ORIGINAL

## POEMS

ON

Several Occasions.



ORIGINAL

## OEMS

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everal Occasions.





ORIGINAL

### EMS

ON

Several Occasions.

By Mr. HEYWOOD.



----- Quondam pulcherrima Virgo Multorumq; fuit spes invidiosa procorum. Ovid. Met.

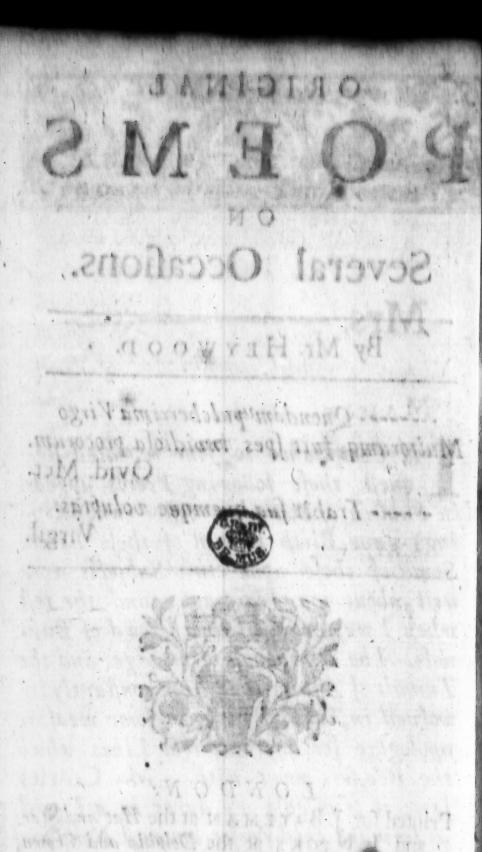
----- Trahit sua quemque voluptas.

Virgil.



LONDON:

Printed for J. BATEMAN at the Hat and Star, and I NICKS at the Dolphin and Crown, both in S. Paul's Church-yard. (Price 6 d.) Joplamb.



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#### Mrs.

#### MADAM,

IN Compliance to your repeated Request, these solvening Poems appear in Publick. Your dear Sister (when living) gave Birth to most of these Lines. Some of those upon other Subjects were writ about ten Tears ago; and the rest when I was engaged in a Crowd of Busuness. The Unripeness of my Age, and the Tumult of Affairs that I am constantly involved in, will, I hope, in some measure apologize for any incorrect Lines which the Readers meet with. Mr. Cowley says, it is as easy to dance in a Crowd, as to make good Verses amongst Noise and Tumult.

#### DEDICATION.

I would now attempt to delineate Lucinda Character, but I am too fenfible it will open to you a fresh Scene of Sorrow: Let us rejoice in this, that she is become an Inhabitant of those bright and glorious Mansions, which are the sure Rewards of that exemplary Virtue and Piety she was so peculiarly distinguish'd for.

May an uninterrupted Series of Happiness attend you, is the bearty Wish of

ing) gave Birth is molt of these Lines. Some of those upmabaM Subjects were writ about ten Tears ago; and the ref

apologize for any incorrect Lines which

long griefing early to dince in a Growd.

Mr. Cowley

when I was engaged in a Growd of Enfance yellow and the

Devoted Servant,

James Heywood.

the Reading meet with.



# As fill'd my Mind will foral

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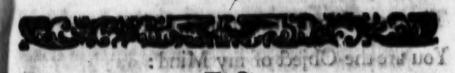
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Several Occasio



#### And, fore, there's nothing more can prove LUCINDA,

Seeing her wear a very gay becoming For one more Chald O O Hke me mad.

---- Gratissima fæmina cultu, O quantum vestro indulget Natura decori! Ovid.

UCINDA's matchless Form and Air, So charining never did appear, So pleasing unto Strephon's Sight, So wond'rous fair, amazing bright,

As when your pretty Hood did grace,
And shade each Feature of your Face:
Whene'er on you my Eyes did dart,
A sudden Transport seiz'd my Heart;
I selt such secret Springs of Joy,
As fill'd my Mind with Extasy.
I was as eager for a Kiss,
As two young Lovers are of Bliss.
The more I look, the more I find
You are the Object of my Mind:
And, sure, there's nothing more can prove
A greater Index of my Love.

More killing Airs pray cease to add, ad greater
For one more Charm wou'd make me mad.



Several Occasions.





#### To a Friend over a Glass.

WHilft you, my Friend, Miranda's Charms (do boaft,

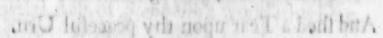
My dear Lucinda is my darling Toaft,

Each circling Glass, let us repeat with Joy,

These fav'rite Healths, and drink with Extasy.

Such Nymphs will make the Glass more spark-

And give a richer Flavour to the Wine.





He charms the East, and caprivates the Heart,





### on the Death of the Honourable Joseph Addison Esq.

Semper honos, nomenq; tuum, laudesq; manebunt.

Quod mortale fuit, repeat the long bound of the death of the bound of

Farewel, thou darling Fav'rite of the Stage,
Farewel, thou greatest Genius of the Age;
Permit my Muse, amongst the rest, to mourn,
And shed a Tear upon thy peaceful Urn.

Such was his Genius, such his sterling Wit, Such soft, such charming tuneful Words he writ, And in each Line such Beauty does impart, He charms the Ear, and captivates the Heart. It

B

#### several Darations.

Lip

Not Young's, not Pope's, nor Congreve's Pen can (tell,

How much our English Mars did excell. O

They may in nervous Lines thy Plaise rehearse,
In sublime Numbers, and harmonious Werse,
But which of our great Briefs Bards can show,
Or paint this Lois, this dismul Scene of Woe?
Whene'er he writ, how was his Pen inspir'd.
With flowing Fancy, and with Rapture fir'd,
That in these cynic and censorious Days, I.
The most ill-patur'd Monnyngare him Praise.

Ļ

TANA TE

That leave no Traces of their Names behind, Vanish like Clouds before a Northern Wind.

In strong and tow'ring Thoughts he did dis-

The Martial Acts of Blenbeim's wond rous Day.
When e'er his CATO on the Stage appears,
Each tender Heart will drop some grateful Tears:
When BOOTH his soft majestick Voice does
(raise,

Loud Peals of Thunder-claps proclaim thy Praise.

B 2

O AD-

#### 112 POEMENT

Not Toung's, not Popels, not Congresse's Pension

O ADDISONI I could as soon rehearse, II And paint thy Virtues, as to praise thy Verse; Not only Wonders in thy Lines we find, But shining Virtues beautify'd thy Mind; Goodness without Alloy thy Soul possess'd, And Godlike Astathy happy Temper bless'd.

How many Rich, and Nobly born, do die,
Which in the gloomy Shades forgotten lie,
That leave no Traces of their Names behind,
Vanish like Clouds before a Northern Wind.
Tho in his native Dust, he cannot die,
But live Immortal by his Poetry.
His matchless Virtues will record his Name,
And After-Ages will extol his Fame.



## several Occasions. 41

### CALL SECTION OF STREET

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In

In ANSWER to some
VERSES which Lucinda and
Mira (when in Bed together) made on Strephon.

. Vs meminife juvat- --- Ovid.

WO Nymphs one Night forbore to close
Their Eyes, in gentle Sleep, and fost Re(pose,

Their Thoughts in tuneful Numbers to express. In Manly Stile, in more than Woman's Dress: Such soft, such happy Lines they did indite, As Congrette would applaud, and Prior write.

O! did their Pens and tender Thoughts conspire, What joyful Raptures would my Fancy fire! Had Strephon then in Mira's Place but been, And Hymen's Nuprial Rites pronounc'd between Lucinda and myself, in this I'm right, She had not slept, nor made one Verse that Night.

Martial

1800 Par Mo B. Spiss. 45



THE RESIDENCE OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERTY

biv Vitam quæ factum Beinierem, 80c.

Wealth by painful Toil not gain'd,
But by Inheritance obtain'd:
Fruitful Fields, a Houle that's warm,
From Discord free, serenely calm.
No sickning Pains disturb the Mind,
But Health in blooming Vigour find.
An honest Plainness, frank and true.
And a delightful Friend or two.
Of no luxuriant Dishes taste,
Which both thy Health and Substance waste.

Isimal - Martial

Procrato da afors.

As

ober each Night, and fice Work Care, SM &A hy Bed no anxious Sorrow harezag and also I true Contentinent; Days this part; norlw oul We fee garlfull of with the belief his his hou'le So at Lucinda's Sight, half dead To Lucinda visiting bim in

his Sickness.

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ic ego mente jacens, & acerbo Jaucius il Admontin capt forttor effe tuo. Ste barningerbares ixi! aloli Ut foles infuso Venu redire merdend of Biy O ead himfelf, Relief cou'd give,

O much Preferate of the part of the Preferate Tour So almost thought each Hour my last, That, till divine Lucinda came; M vlovol O life burn'd but with a glimm'ring Flame: but But raging Sickness, ftrong Decays and would On her Approach, at once gave way of saus of So Phæbus, with his Rays of Light, ob with of Dispels the Vapours of the Nighter stup oron T

### 16 POOLEMSION

As Nature sickens when a Dearth the Todo?

Locks the parch'd Bosom of the Earth;
But when refresh'd with kindly Show'rs, sured to the search of the Earth;
We see gay Groyes, and similing Flow'rs broom?

So at Lucinda's Sight, half dead

Before, I raise my drooping Head:

The Springs of Life are wound again.

And a new Vigour swells each Vein.

Your dying Strephon from the Grave.

Fruitless had been the Strife of Art

To heal my Limbs, or ease my Heart.

Not Mead himself, Relief cou'd give,

Your Presence only makes me live.

O lovely Maid! be kinder yet,

And make the Cure begun, compleat;

Know that there's fomething still behind,

To cure the Fever of my Mind:

To thy dear Arms I wish to fly,

There quite revive, or gladly die.

So almost thought each Flour my last.

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## ELECTEDIE.

### On seeing Lucinda blust.

Non crines equant viole, non lumina flamme.

THE Crimfon Blushes in your Cheeks ok-(press'd What tender Thoughts inspir'd your snowy (Breast;

Your Fan with artful Hand was much employ'd, The riling Beauties of your Face to hide:

But when with dext rous Skill you tols d your

You cool'd the happy Nymph, but fir'd the Man-Ten thousand Graces play'd about your Face,

Peculiar Charms attended every Grace; Lo

Each Grace, each lovely Feature did impart,

A fecret Pleafure to my throbbing Heart.

Besides these beauteous Charms, in you there's

Unrivall'd Goodness, and a heav'nly Mind.

If

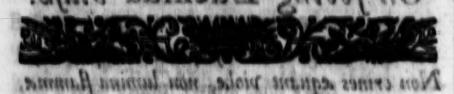
### (nocide Mos Econ)

If I have gain Lucinde for my Bride.

The World all other Bleffings may divide;

If Due but with my busineous Charmer bleft,

I'll leave Mankind to fouffle for the reft.



# To a Friend inviting him in-

Beatus ille qui procul negotiis. Horace.

----Nune omnis ager, nunc omnis partutit arbos, Nunc frondent Sylvæ, nunc formosissimus annus. Virgil.

Rom buly Crowds to Shades with Joy re-

And pleafing Walks, and Labyrinths admire?

Each Morning here appears to bright, to gay,

As if the Morning of a Nuptial Day.

Here Beauty does in thining Landskips rife,

And Larks with tow'ring Wings afcend the Skies

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#### several Nochastons.

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When Philomel tunes her melodious Throat,
Each feather'd Wurbler lings a chearful Note.
Oh! what Delight does this foft Seafon bring,
When tuneful Linners welcome in the Spring.

When I look up, with ravish'd Eyes survey
The rising Mountains, and all Nature gay;
Or when with Transport I look down below,
There purling Streams in Silver Currents flow.
Here smiling Fields, and flow'ry Banks delight,
There starry Dazies grow, and charm the Sight.
Here Rlossons, Palm, and fragrant Bow'rs,
There spreading Laurel, and full blooming

Here Myrtle in its infant Sweetness grows,
There shady Trees are rang'd in beauteous Rows.
Scene after Scene does charm my wond'ring
(Eyes,

Where-e'er I look, I see new Prospects rise.

Thus lost in Extaly, with Wonder gaze,

And Nature's pencill'd Works my Soul amaze.

William Harry

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Spoken

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#### ROEMS

No gloomy Thoughts disturb my peaceful Mind,
But unknown Blis, and solid Joy I find.
Thus in these happy Scenes my Time I spend,
And nothing want but Thee, dear TO M, my
(Friend.

To these bless'd Shades, and heav'nly Scenes (retire,

Whose flow'ry Verdure does new Life inspire.

How bleating Lambs wou'd skip, and Groves

And Grotto's eccho to thy charming Voice.

Leave the dull Town, and banish South Sea

Come live with me, and breath in purer Air.



Several Occasions.

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e,

the Day.

Belinda

21



Spoken Extempore, on meeting a beautiful young Lady in the Iron Gallery at the Top of St. Paul's Church.

HIS fam'd Metropolis I came to view,
But find no Prospect yields Delight but
(you.

To me these tow'ring Structures seem less fair,
And lose their Beauty by your killing Air.
O lovely Nymph! permit me but a Kiss,
And grant me, so near Heav'n, to tast of Bliss.



Aliranda has good Humour, but wants Senfe,

Lucinda

Lucinda



Lucinda admird for the Beauty of her Mind, as well as her personal Charms.

Probitas, fidesq; conjugis, mores, pudor placeant marito, sola perpetuò manent subjecta nulli, mentis atq; animi bona; Florem decoris singuli carpunt dies. Seneca.

Prize my dear Lucinda, much before vol O

Those Nymphs which others value and

(adore:

Miranda has good Humour, but wants Sense, Her Entertainment is Impertinence. Cloe and Phillis are both young and gay, But they with Shocks and Parrots spend the Day.

Belinda

#### several Occasions.

23

Belinds fings to melting foft and clear,
Wou'd charm an Angel from his heav'nly
(Sphere,

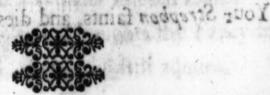
The tuneful Mulick of her Voice to hear;

At the Tea-Table does her Sex reproach,

And flagrant Scandal takes delight to broach.

I own, Dorinda's Fair, (divinely Fair!)
And that Clariffa has a killing Air:
But Dorinda's Pride, mix'd with Ill Nature,
Sullies the Luftre of each graceful Feature:
It's too well known, Clariffa has a Mind
To Plays, Picket, and Ombre much inclin'd.

Survey the Circle of the Nymphs around,
With Faults they all, in some degree, abound;
There's only dear Lucinda to be found,
With sublime Virtues, all Perfections crown'd.



00



## On Lucinda's Singing.

L I liften'd with attentive Ear:

The Mulick of your tuneful Tongue,
Your foft, melodious, melting Song,
Does Strepbon's gentle Thoughts inspire,
With pleasing Joys, and Raptures fire.

Each swelling Note his Bosom warms,
And fills his Soul with Heavinly Charms.
In such extatic Bliss and Love,
We guess at Harmony Above.
In Transports thus Life does decay,
Your Strepbon faints, and dies away.



#### To Mr. G AY,

On his POEM, entitled,

TRIVIA: Or, The Art of Walking the Streets of London.

Quos titulos, que non meruit preconia laudum?

Mare.

OGAT! my grateful Thoughts do crowd (my Mind, To tell you what harmonious Lines I find In this thy TRIVIA, fuch Beauties shine, I'm pleas'd to see a Wonder in each Line:

So much thy tow'ring Thoughts my Fancy sire, The more I read, the more I still admire.

What

and lote my way in his secure tive the Lown

What Critic with his stabbling Pen can stain Thy tuneful Veries, or ecliple thy Fame? The very Momus which infults thy Name, Envies thy Genius, tho' thy Verses blame. Thy useful Hints direct the rural 'Squire, His Steps from wandring Females to retire. To hoary Heads thou'rt an indulgent Friend, And those which under heavy Burdens bend. When jostling busy Crowds walk in the Street, And helpless Objects, Blind and Lame, we meet, Thou dost instruct us what Respect to pay, To give the Wall, and when to take the Way. These Men with thankful Voice will give thee (Praife, Pray for thy Health, and wish thee prosp'rous Days.

Whether by Phæbu's Meridian Light,
Or in the gloomy Horror of the Night
I walk, in winding Alleys, Streets unknown,
And lose my Way in this great Hive the Town,

By

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#### several Occasions.

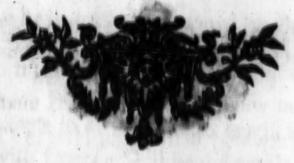
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By thy Directions, I shall fear no Ill,
No panic Terror shall my Bosom fill:
Whilst I walk Streets, thy Precepts I'll inhibe,
TRIVIA shall be my Convoy and my Guide.



To a young Lady admiring a Butterfly.

BEhold that Fly, his wond'rous Form dif-(play, The painted Beauty of his Wings furvey: Derinda's Hoop in slender Wast confin'd, Are like these beauteous Wings and Body join'd. So do your circling Charms adorn the Fair, And give a pleasing Lustre to your Air.



D 2

On



On a Rose that drop'd out of a Nosegay which Lucinda had in her Bosom.

THIS Rose, Lucinda, once did rest
On your soft, downy, rising Breast.
Did dwell upon those Mounts of Snow,
Where rich Hyblaran Sweets do grow.
Was I so happily but plac'd,
Where this Flower so lately grac'd,
With long-liv'd Pleasure there I'd stay,
And not thus droop, and sade away.





On the Death of Mr. Molineux, Mathematician in Manchester.

Written in the Year 1712.

Narrabat pueros longis rationibus assem.

Science mange its drooping I toad.

Horace.

IF refin'd Knowlege, or bright Parts cou'd (fave The greatest Genius from the silent Grave, Had such receiv'd a Patent to abide Secure from Change, Molineux ne'er had dy'd, To Fate he had not then relign'd his Breath, But triumph'd o'er the key Arms of Death.

Accompts in all its Branches taught fo well, That with superior Skill he did excel:

He

#### POEM Sam

He would in that fublime, mysterious Art, Reduce a Sum to the minutest Part.

From Trade the Source of Wealth and Plenty (flow,

On artful Numbers therefore Praise bestow:

By which great Science, may be justly faid,

Our stately London rears its tow ring Head.

Manchester.

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\* This trading Town the greatest Loss su-

No skilful Master of Accompts remains;
The best Arithmetician being dead,
The expiring Science hangs its drooping Head.

F refin'd Knowlege, or brighthaus cou'd

The greatest Genius from the filent Grave,
Had such received a secure from Charles and secure from Charles and secure from Charles for Fate in the file of the country of the fate in the country of the fate in the country of the cou

no hat with laperior Skill he did excel:

feveral Occasions.

31



On seeing Lucinda one Morning very Early.

---- Thalamog; relictus in uno.

s,

Ovid.

But to my Dear I wing'd my way,
To fee my Life! my Soul! my All!
That I can good, or charming call.
I ne'er petition'd Friends Confent,
But foftly to her Chamber went:
The Nymph was just step'd out of Bed,
In Morning-Gown, and undress'd Head.
Good Gods! how much did her Attire
My glowing Breast with Rapture fire:
What Pleasure was there in a Kiss,
What solid Joy, what unknown Bliss:

For

#### POEMS, &c.

For when I saw but such a Scene,
I found a Pulse in ev'ry Vein.
How bless'd was I, could Gods but see,
Great Four himself wou'd envy me.

On seeing Lucinda one Morn-

FINIS.

Cood Godes faw the College Day was a line or pay line of the last folia to the college of the co